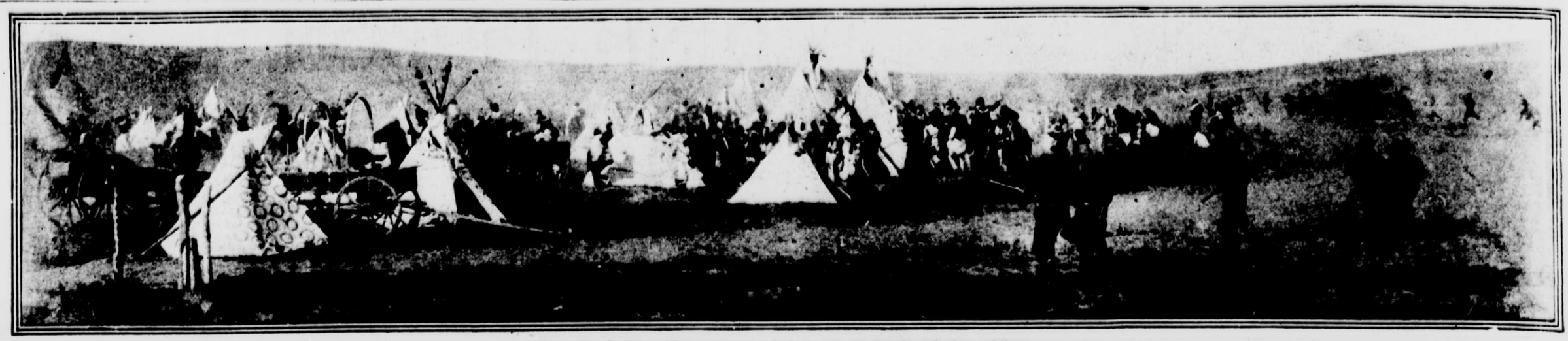

Into the Indian village they go before the onslaught of the soldiers.

REPRODUCING HISTORY AS IT HAPPENED AT WOUNDED KNEE

Battle Fought Over Again for the "Movies" With Gen. Miles, "Buffalo Bill," United States Soldiers and Sioux Indians Helping to Repeat Happenings of 1891

WHERE the tepees raised themselves in long, uneven lines of painted cones sat Woman Dress, Indian scout of thirty years and hero of many a battle. Woman Dress was busy, working now and then at the task of cleaning his carbine, grunting to himself, singing a song of which there are no words and happy in general. At the opening of the next tepee sat old Thick Bread, holding aloft the scalp of Chief Omaha of the Pawnees, taken in the days when Indians were Indians and fights were fights. All along the rows of tepees there was activity and bustle; the hurrying of squaws and the squalling of papooses. Half starved dogs fought over bones. A merry go round, carted forty-three miles over the hills of South Dakota by seekers of Indian money, ground wheezily in the morning air:

> Here we go, here we go,
> Sailing, sailing to and fro—
> Ain't it nice, ain't it——

From the little hillock which faced the tepees there sounded the call of a bugle. The clatter of sabres, the shouts of command and three troops of cavalry trotted past. Woman Dress moved and once more looked down the shining barrel of his carbine. Then he sat up straight. A man in a sheepskin coat and a beaver hat was before him on horseback.

"Ben," said the newcomer, as he turned to his Indian interpreter, "tell this guy what's doing."

Ben American Horse, Carlisle student and football player in the days before the call of the blanket took him back to the tribe of the Sioux, grinned.

"What I say, Misser Baker?"

"Why, tell 'em what we're going to do and get some of these dinged haranguers busy," answered the man in the sheepskin coat. "Tell 'em they're all going to fight the Battle of Wounded Knee this morning and we want 'em to get their feathers on. Rustle 'em up. We're late!"

Ben American Horse bent low over the back of his horse. There was a moment of wild gutturals. Woman Dress leaped to his feet. Thick Bread forgot his scalplock. A haranguer dressed somewhat in the fashion of an outlandish Spanish grandee leaped out of his tepee and ran through the Indian village, shouting his throat out.

Squaws appeared. Dogs did more fighting. The merry-go-round stopped its mistaken melody. Feathers came forth. Sleigh bells found their way to the backs of horses. Tomtoms sounded. Tepees came down to be loaded in wagons and transported across the hill to the battlefield. The Indian camp, with its 700 braves and squaws, its innumerable papooses and its uncountable dogs, was ready for the day's work.

It all began when Buffalo Bill's show stranded in Denver last summer. Buffalo Bill's show owed some money to two capitalists of Denver. Would Buffalo Bill, now that his own show was gone, care to become a part of the aggregation owned by them? Buffalo Bill would, and gladly. And, extending the matter, suppose some pictures should be taken of the important features of Buffalo Bill's life? Very good.

And so it came about that a $30 a week photographer was hired to make some pictures. Then Buffalo Bill found an idea. The result of that idea was that Lieut.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Brig.-Gen. Marion P. Maus, Brig.-Gen. Frank D. Baldwin and Major-Gen. Jesse M. Lee began packing up for a trip to the Pine Ridge Indian agency in South Dakota, the War Department warmed the wires with telegrams that three troops of cavalry might start their hike from Fort Robinson, Neb., and the arsenals of the navy were searched for ammunition for Hotchkiss guns of the period of 1890 and '91. Old uniforms of the day when soldiers truly deserved the title of boys in blue came forth from storehouses; carbines and rifles twenty-five years old were dragged out; the Indian agency of the Sioux at Pine Ridge leaped from the lethargy of small town life to an existence of feverish activity.

Forty-three miles from a railroad, where the hills and hollows of South Dakota roll on in dun, deadened monotony, a city of tents began its being, while a young army of motion picture managers, property men, directors, camera men and even a cook outfit flooded in from Chicago. The idea had grown too large for the scope of a thirty-dollar a week photographer. It had gone even to the point where the directors of a great motion picture company were sitting up nights. For that idea was one of turning back the clock, of bringing the originals of history to the exact spot where history was created and fighting it out all over again with a correctness that would warrant the cooperation of the Government. And Buffalo Bill had faded somewhat into the background, for a time at least; Buffalo Bill's time was coming later, in other pictures.

Out at Wounded Knee battlefield, seventeen miles away, were gathered the troops, the Indians, the scouts who were in the battle and the motion picture men. But the Generals weren't there. Gen. Miles and his staff were leagues away when the Battle of Wounded Knee happened. In the opinion of Gen. Miles that battle was a blunder and a massacre. And naturally, Gen. Miles had no desire to be present.

Far beyond, hundreds of real tepees raise their poled tops against the sky, while stalking here and there, yelling, gurgling, uttering verbal volcanoes, the Indian announcers shout forth a ceaseless stream of Indian news which no one except the Indians themselves understands—and they pay no attention. Beyond show the brown tents of the troops, the long lines of tethered horses, the men waiting in groups for their command.

The signal. Over the hill they go, long haired, worried director, fat, placid photographer, slim, nervous ones, neutral ones; Indians, soldiers, dogs, tepees and wagons. The director is on his horse now, watching, as they arrive, shout to the Indians themselves. One order is enough. Gather in the council circle. Certainly. The council is made. The cameras are placed. The directors shout to five interpreters at once.

"Now, at the beginning of this battle, Father Craft, Col. Forsyth and Phillip Wells were in the centre. Those of you who were actually in the battle tell the rest just what happened. Hurry up."

The signal. Father Craft comes forward. Bigfoot, the chief, is lifted from his tent and brought to the centre of the great, waving circle. There is the order for the surrender of arms, the refusal. A shot and all is turmoil. And as they fight, as real United States soldiers

The Hotchkiss gun roars while Lieut. Smith waits for his Indian.

the long line of feathered beings, the wagon which holds the overworked property man and his ammunition. The soldiers clank into view. Upon the side of the hill where there rattled the guns of the Battle of Wounded Knee, a squaw has selected the spot where her brave died twenty-three years ago and is wailing her song of sorrow and of death.

A consultation. The director wheels to his camera men. One comes close to the field of action, one moves further away, a third mounts a great tower for the purposes of panorama. History is about to be created over again.

The hundreds of actors remain passive, except for four soldiers with a Hotchkiss gun. A camera man hurries close. The director urges his horse to a gallop. He waves his hand.

"Lieut. Smith, as soon as the gun has shot a few times, you see an Indian creeping on you from an angle. Shoot him! Now, are you ready?"

"Ready, sir."

"Luperti, how many feet in the camera?"

"Sixty."

"All right. Fire!"

"That's enough. Hey, you!"

The haranguer of the Spanish grandee type is passing. He stops and understands enough of the director's talk to take his position. The grandee bows his head and grins.

"Washday—Chicago!" he answers or words to that effect, and a moment later, while the film sings in the magazine of the camera, the grandee proceeds to beat down a soldier in hand to hand conflict and then annihilate him. A battle must have its incidents.

Another pause. The director squints at the soldiers in the distance. He turns:

"Bugler! Sound the assembly. Where's Kaufman?"

A bugle trills. From high on the tower comes the voice of another camera man:

"A hundred and fifty feet in the magazine."

"All right. Use it all. Start turning when I wave my arms!"

Instructions—and then a long line of men in the old fashioned overcoats and capes of 1891 trail over a barren hill one by one as the director worries and frets. Another pause, a double quick and then the men form a skirmish line and shoot energetically at nothing.

The Indians. They gather in long lines, hundreds of them, while directors shout to interpreters and interpreters shout to haranguers and haranguers grapple and fight with real Sioux Indians, as the real Phillip Wells, who lost his nose in the Battle of Wounded Knee only to have it sewn on again while the guns roared, again makes his fight; as squaws and papooses and Indian braves struggle through the Indian village before the onslaught of the troops; as the great ravine of the slaughter fills again with twisted bodies, the cameras click, the interpreters roar, the director gallops here and there shouting wildly, and the spectators on the hill cheer with the hoarseness of the bleachers in the tenth inning of a ball game.

Thus in modern surroundings is history reproduced as correctly as though history was being made instead of imitated.

But the Battle of Wounded Knee was only one of the incidents of the reproduction of history, staged with such principals as generals and scouts and real Indians and soldiers. The generals were not present at the Battle of Wounded Knee. But there were times when they did appear.

Gen. Miles and Gen. Maus (at the left) remember history at the Battle of the Mission.

There came the Battle of the Mission. And then it was that, although they had not been present, they at least remembered the facts and a new director in chief came into being beside him of the nervous bearing and the energetic mien—Lieut. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, with his staff, Brig. Gen. Frank D. Baldwin and Brig. Gen. Marion P. Maus. And with his annual report of 1891 freshly reread, Gen. Miles stood upon the field, retelling incidents of the past, pointing out the spots of fighting, reassembling the past and watching the Indians and soldiers as they passed before the camera. It isn't a case of pure effect when history is being told over again. It's a question of facts—and facts are hard things to handle.

The surrender. Then all is finished? Not all. History must be formed like the layers of a rock, but history can be repeated back end forward if necessary. And thus it was reproduced.

Fifty long miles from Pine Ridge, with only a wagon road as a means of travel, lay the Bad Lands. Away back there in 1891 Gen. Miles formed his cordon about those strange wastes of South Dakota that the Indians might be forced to surrender. And so when the ending of the war of the Messiah had been depicted before the camera the middle of it all began.

Pack train and wagon train threaded its way across the long, rolling hills. Indian and white man struggled through the cold of early morning and the blazing sun of midday. And with it all went the soldiers and camera men and the director in chief with his staff. Gen. Miles had started to reproduce history exactly as history was created—and you can't find Bad Lands except where Bad Lands exist.

So they trekked the weary miles away to put up their cameras where the wall of the Bad Lands rises sheer 300 feet. Again began the work of the directors, while Gen. Miles and Gen. Baldwin, once more upon the battlefields of their earlier days, sat atop the crested buttes and watched the work of the Indians and soldiers far below.

And it was work, work such as only war can know. In 1890 it was the Bad Lands which formed the chief source of worry to Gen. Miles as he struggled with his problem of driving the Indians back to the agency and to surrender. And again, when history was repeated, the problem was just as difficult. Travelling for miles on horseback, picking out the spots where the Indians had made their hardest resistance, the Indians, the soldiers, the Generals rode here and there, stopping now and then to whip an angry rattlesnake to death or to detour some chasm which opened deathlike and fanwise scarce a rod ahead.

At last the spot where the Indians had made their Gibraltar in the days of the war of the Messiah. The orders were given. One by one the tepees were lowered down great slides, one by one the soldiers took their places, while climbing like mountain sheep, the camera men and their assistants found their places of vantage.

The signal. Across the great stretches where the alkali whitened all, where great cones of rocky earth rose sheer in the air and where now and then a clump of grass showed like an oasis, the soldiers once more fought the Indians back up to the flats and toward the agency, fifty miles away. There were tumbles, there were slides, there were soldiers and Indians who fell into crevices, only to be rescued by ropes when the bugle had sounded "Cease firing." But bruises and cuts were necessary. This was history in repetition.

And as it all passed into the film reels of emulsioned films there arose high and shrill again the song of death as a squaw who had lost her all in the days when history was made once more wailed before her tepee, once more cried to the skies, and the great dull hills, once more sobbed forth the grief of twenty-three years, the grief of a saddened, disheartened, a beaten race.

In the ravine of death at the Battle of Wounded Knee.

Advocates Military Training for Boys

Continued from Fourth Page.

large fireproof barracks, a gymnasium of the latest approved type, a riding hall, furnishing ample drill space for sixty mounted cadets at a time; a hospital, a mess hall, said to be the finest in the country; an arsenal, and a kitchen with the most modern sanitary equipment.

A cadet on entering Culver is immediately supplied with a ready to wear uniform, which he dons until he has been fitted out with a made to order kit. The reason for his quick change from civilian clothes is that he may waste no time in entering into the spirit of the academy, that he may feel from the start he is a bona fide cadet. The uniform besides being a necessity at military schools also acts as a curb to those students with fat pocketbooks, who, if they were allowed, might be inclined to dress lavishly and lord it over those of less financial means.

Reveille at Culver goes at 6 A. M. in the summer months and at 6:30 in the winter months. From the sound of the first bugle in the morning until taps at 9:30 P. M. a cadet is kept systematically busy, be it at study, recitation, drill, exercises or play.

He makes his own bed, cleans his own room, and properly, too, for it must always be in such condition as to pass the eagle eye of the inspecting officer. He polishes his own shoes and is held responsible for his neat appearance at all times. He falls in and marches to and from his breakfast, his dinner and his supper. Mess call means that the meal is ready, and there is no such thing as straggling to the table five or ten minutes late.

He is obliged to stand straight and to bear himself in a military manner. He must answer "Yes, sir" or "No, sir" and treat his superiors with the same respect that he demands and receives from those whom he may outrank. He is given opportunities to exercise his executive ability in commanding others and to assume responsibilities of more or less importance according to his degree of efficiency.

Outside of the academic course, which is as severe and takes up as much time as at purely civilian schools, a Culver cadet is given the opportunity to participate in military drills of the various branches of the service. He must be a soldier of some branch, but he has the choice of infantry, cavalry, or if he be musically inclined the cadet band. Besides these a cadet may drill at artillery with equipment provided by the United States Government, or he may be attached to the engineer or wireless corps of the academy.

Besides the regular school term the Military Academy conducts a summer school at which the cadets are formed into a naval battalion which operates on the lake.

With the training a boy receives in such an academy it is scarcely surprising that he turns out a manly young fellow, ready physically and mentally to enter college, the Government army or navy institutions or business and to give a good account of himself.

He has been prepared from the ground up. He knows what an order is and how to execute it. He knows the value of time and wastes none. He is respectful, honest and obedient, and realizes why laziness should not be tolerated. Systematic training and discipline have made him efficient in the true sense of the word.

From the physical standpoint he is given a start that he could hardly expect to obtain by other means. The habit of standing erect with chin up and in has fully fastened itself upon him and in consequence he breathes and walks properly.

To those of anti-belligerent sentiments whose voices and pens have run away with them let it be said that a graduated military cadet is not likely to be called into the field of conflict than thousands of other citizens. If the occasion ever should arise, however, it would be necessary to ask for more volunteers the military academy graduate would not only be better fitted to command men but the knowledge gained at school would enable him to take better care of himself in the field than those of no military experience.

America needs more "distinguished" institutions of this character and more boys to fill them. It is high time that we awoke to the necessity of discipline for our sons. In most cases it is only discipline that makes the efficient man.